

ARMS: The Sky Arena Incident

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/56673166) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/56673166>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	ARMS (Video Game)
Relationships:	No Romantic Relationship(s) , Spring Man & Spring Man II
Characters:	Spring Man (ARMS) , Spring Man II (ARMS) , Biff (ARMS) , Original Characters , Ribbon Girl (ARMS)
Additional Tags:	No Beta: We die like my hopes for ARMS 2 , Canon-Typical Violence , ok not entirely canon typical , Mild Gore , Character Death , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , in-universe discrimination , heavy use of headcanons , Cross-Posted on Wattpad , Dialogue Heavy , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Spring Man is sometimes referred to as Austin , Gen 2 Spring Man is referred to as William , Canon Rewrite , this is my take on the sadly canceled ARMS comic trilogy
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-06-15 Updated: 2024-08-30 Words: 5,547 Chapters: 3/?

ARMS: The Sky Arena Incident

by [AxolKat42](#)

Summary

Generation 3 of the ARMS League has begun, and a new fighter known as Austin Springs has taken up the role of this generation's Spring Man to take on the Grand Priz, and he's not alone. He's accompanied by young artist Tracey Doodles, her father Andre Doodles, and several other fighters. Everything should be fine right? Well that would've been the case, had it not been for resurfacing memories, past trauma, and an incident that can't be easily slipped under the rug to be forgotten. And a sinister plan concocted by ARMS labs and more specifically their most recent project sure doesn't make things any easier. Will Austin, Tracey, and all the new friends they'll make stop the chaos between the ARMS league and ARMS labs, or will the Sky Arena Incident just be the beginning of one of the darkest moments in ARMS history?

TLDR: Its grand prix mode but I try to give it a better story. No flack towards ARMS but grand prix's story was kind of bare bones and I wanted to give it more calcium.

Our Journey Begins

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was a warm summer afternoon and the sun was setting. The day was about to end for many, but it had practically begun for one. A man who wore a gray hoodie was running like his life depended on it. Though his life wasn't on the line, he sure felt like it was.

By the time he had stopped running he had arrived at the back of the Spring Stadium. Though it wasn't meant to open to the public in a week, he was able to get in. You see, this guy was chosen among 600 people to become the mascot for the Spring Gym. At least their mascot for this specific generation.

After checking to see no one was watching him, he quickly took out his keys and used them to open the door before closing it just as quickly as he got inside. He took off his gray hoodie and tied it around his waist to reveal his blue springy hair. Looking to his left, he saw a slightly older man with green hair waiting for him.

"Well, you made it Austin," He spoke in a voice that was similar to that of an old school hero.

"Yep, how late am I William?" The blue haired man named Austin asked.

"Not that late really. Still a few minutes late, but still not that late."

"That's... Huh, didn't expect that, really."

"Well maybe this means you're finally setting yourself into an actual routine now. But enough about that. Let's see what you got!"

After tossing Austin a pair of basic boxing gloves, a practice fight among them had begun. Normally fights like these would be regular boxing matches. But this was by no means a boxing match, this was a one-on-one ARMS fight. The rules for this practice match were simple, whoever fell down twice lost the match.

The match began when William threw a punch at Austin from across the arena. Though he narrowly avoided it, he was caught by another punch flying at him that sent him into the ground. Getting back up he flipped back into one of the trampolines on the sides of the stadium and sent a punch flying towards William. This caught William off guard, but was not enough to knock him into the ground. What was enough to knock him into the ground however was Austin taking advantage of his guard being dropped to grab him. After he had pulled him close enough he hit him once before throwing an uppercut, sending him flying.

Once he had landed he got back up and attempted to throw another punch. Austin dodged it and was almost caught in a flurry of punches when William had activated his rush. In all honesty, he didn't expect it to happen, but there weren't any rules out right banning it so anything was fair game. In an effort to dodge this, Austin had raised his ARMS up to the

Jumbotron and raised himself just high enough to avoid getting hit. Once the rush had ended he jumped down and grabbed William, practically sending himself flying towards his opponent and hitting him two times before sending him into the ground. This led to Austin winning the match since he had been able to knock his opponent to the ground twice.

Soon after their practice match they were left to take a break. William was chugging a water bottle he brought while Austin was deep in thought. Something felt off to him. "Wait a sec..." He spoke up in an unsure voice.

"Hm, what's up?" William asked.

"William, why was I the one chosen to become the next Spring Man?"

"Don't you remember Austin? You were chosen because you stood out above the rest."

"But wouldn't they have changed their minds after they found out about who I was?"

"Austin, if there's one thing I can tell you, one's past doesn't define who they become later in life. If it were the case then I don't think most Hollywood actors would be where they're at." Austin simply nodded along as he spoke. He'd been told the same answer anytime he asked William this sort of question. He didn't want to tell him though, since he was sure he wouldn't get any kind of a different answer.

"I think you should head back now, son." William inquired. "Your debut is tomorrow and you're gonna need the energy to get through it."

He nodded his head as he walked out of the stadium. Slipping his hoodie back on, he walks to the bus station so he could go home. By the time he made it to the bus stop he just barely made it on time for the last bus on the day. And thank god he did too because it was 8PM and dark out.

The bus ride itself wasn't much. There were twenty other people counting himself and the bus driver. The drive itself was also kinda quick since his apartment wasn't that far away. By the time he had gotten off the bus he had made it back to the apartment complex, and he wasn't the only one there. An older man who appeared to be no older than maybe fifty was carrying a cardboard box. He was wearing a yellow pineapple button up, and his arms were made of neon colored paint.

Walking near him was a young girl with brown hair tied into a bun who appeared to be his daughter, carrying a box and a backpack. She wore a slightly big lime green hoodie that had black sleeves, which she had rolled up to reveal her neon colored arms. A white eyepatch with a cartoony eye doodled onto it covered her left eye. What lied behind it was a mystery to anyone who caught sight of it.

After grabbing their keys from the landlord's office, they started traversing through what felt like a maze of apartments. The landlord said that wasn't that far away so where was it? "Où diable est ce foutu appartement?" The man muttered under his breath.

"Uhh, dad?" The girl following him asked.

He sighed as he turned to face her. "Yes, Tracey?"

"I think our apartment is over there." She extends one of her tri-colored arms, pointing towards a dark green door that was labeled "103-F".

The father looked over to the door and had a look of mild embarrassment plastered on his face. He walked to it and inserted a key into the lock, clicking open as he pushed the door out of the way. The interior was rather modest and there wasn't a whole lot of color. What little color existed came from plants and a couple paintings hung upon the walls. These were likely left behind by the previous owners, since he couldn't remember decorations like these being seen when he found the apartment online.

The two entered the apartment and set out to unpacking the things they had brought with them. Tracey (his daughter) worked on decorating her room, while her dad stuck to unpacking the things he had brought for the kitchen. He was just about to wrap things up when he noticed that there was something at the bottom of the box he left on the counter.

He looked in and saw a relatively small picture frame. In it was a picture of him, holding a sleeping baby next to a woman and their son. Both of them had green arms that seemed to have leaves poking out. Almost as if their arms were made of vines...

Andre stood there as he looked at the picture in silence. It had been a while since he had seen his wife and their son, and he was worried he wouldn't see them again. He just hopes that he'll get to see them again before he dies.

"Hey dad?"

He was brought back to his senses when he heard his daughter talking to him. She was holding the box she used to carry most of her stuff. "What do you need kiddo?" He asked her in as chill of a tone as he could fake.

"I think I might've misplaced one of my posters when we were packing," She said while lightly shaking the box she carried. "You happen to know if that signed WVBA poster was anywhere in your box?"

"Are you talking about the one with that really short boxer...? What was his name, 'Tiny Pasta'?"

"You mean Little Mac?" She inquired.

"Yeah, that guy! And yes I found it while placing the plates in the cupboard." He hands her the folded up poster which she then places into her box. "I still don't get why you're such a big fan of him."

"Probably had to do with how he managed to beat the crap out of everyone without having to use the same cheats everyone else had. I'm honestly surprised you haven't caught on even after taking me to one of his matches last year." He gave an eye roll at his daughter's sarcastic quip while slightly chuckling. He still wondered how that boxing league was okay with allowing any of their fighters to cheat. "Also, I wanna ask you another question."

"Hit me with it, kiddo."

"Why did we have to move out in the first place?"

Andre was silent when she asked him that. He felt as though he should stay quite on some aspects, but knew he should give at least some kind of explanation. "You know how you have the ARMS ability?" He spoke as he regained his composure.

"Uh, yeah? It's kind of something you don't easily forget." She replied in mild confusion.

"Well, we moved here so you could be enrolled at Ensemble High. I wanted to make sure you went to a high school with others who were like you."

Tracey thought about what her father said for a moment. Eventually, she seemed to get the idea and piped up with an "Oh, that makes sense!" before going back to decorating her room.

Andre stood there with as good of a smile he could make on his face, waiting to make sure his daughter wasn't within earshot. He sighed when he was sure he couldn't hear him. Picking up the photo he had in the box, he walked over to where his own bedroom was. He placed the photo of him and his family on a nightstand as he got onto his bed. He laid there as he stared into the ceiling, lost in his thoughts.

While what he said to his daughter wasn't a complete lie, he was still leaving out a lot of the story. He wasn't sure he could explain to her why they came back. Or more importantly that they lived there in the first place. The last thing he wanted to do was get his sweet daughter to remember the incident that caused them to leave in the first place. After a while of thinking he started to doze off, drifting off into dreamland.

Chapter End Notes

The french that Andre says translates to "Where on earth is that damn apartment". I don't really speak french so whenever a character speaks another language, I'm gonna use google translate for it. Sorry in advance for any errors this may cause. >_<

'Bout the City

Chapter Notes

Before you ask, yes I did name this after a song from the original Jet Set Radio Soundtrack.

The day began with the jingle of a ringing phone that just would not shut up. Austin had full intention of sleeping in that day so he chose to ignore it. Or at least that was the plan until he decided to just answer the phone so he could go back to bed. Right as he picked up the phone from his nightstand, he could hear someone panicking on the other end. Already off to an amazing start.

"Hello?" He asked in a mildly annoyed and groggy tone.

"Up and at 'em Aust- I mean Number Three!" The man on the other end exclaimed in a poor attempt to hide the worry in his voice. "Today's your debut!"

Austin just sat there off guard. How could he have forgotten when his debut was? This was gonna be one of the most key defining moments in his life, and he was about to sleep in?! Jeez, he really needed to pay attention to his calendar more.

"Number Three? Are you there?" The man on the other end asked, bringing the springy haired man back to his senses.

"Uhhh, Yeah!" Austin replied as his voice cracked. "I'll be there in a few!"

The minute he hung up his phone, he was left scrambling to rush through his routine. Currently he was trying and failing to get his sneakers on while waiting for his toast to pop out the toaster. A comb was stuck messily in his hair and his chest plate was only half attached to his shirt. He eventually manages to get his shoes on, only to trip onto the floor collapsing with a thud.

Quickly getting back up, he gets the comb out of his hair and placed it on the counter. He was only brought out of his frantic state when he heard his phone ringing. Picking it up, he placed it to his ear as he answered the call.

"Hey Austin, glad I could reach ya!" The unmistakable voice of his trainer William boomed through the speaker of his phone, nearly making him drop his phone.

"Oh, hi William." Austin said while attempting to clip his chest plate on. "Cool if you tell me why you're calling me at the moment?"

"I just wanted to let you know that before your debut, I'm gonna need you to pick up a couple people on the way."

"Really? Who are they?" He asked as he finally managed to finally get his chest plate fully attached to his shirt.

"One of them used to be a member of the League back in my generation, so think of them as VIPs. Him and his daughter are gonna be attending your matches so you're gonna need to bring them with ya'."

"Ok so where exactly am I supposed to find them?" He grabs his toast from his toaster as he asks this question, placing it into his mouth.

"You'll be finding them at the bus stop. Also, make sure to meet me behind the Spring Stadium, I forgot to give you something during our training match last week."

"Mhm." Austin's speech was muffled by the toast he was eating in an effort to avoid be a second late. "I'll be there in a bit."

The minute he hung up the phone, he made a mad dash for the door of his apartment. Austin busted through the door as he ran out of the apartment complex. Running as quickly as he could to the bus stop, nearly tripping at several points. Passing by several buildings as he rushed to where he needed to be. Some days he wondered why he didn't just go through with getting a car.

Right as he passed by a newsstand, he tripped over the sidewalk. He would've fallen face first onto the street had it not been for something keeping him from hitting the ground. The roaring of a car horn honking at him echoed in his ears. He quickly got up and back on the sidewalk, looking at whoever kept him from being run over.

In front of him was a man with multi-color ARMS and a flashy button up, opened to reveal a blue t-shirt. Sitting at the bus stop was a girl with tri-colored ARMS and a similar t-shirt. She was currently busy doodling in a neon yellow notebook, a peculiar looking eye-patch covering her left eye. The man in front of him took his hand off his shoulder giving a light hearted laugh as he started to talk with him. "When William told me that his protege was always in a rush, I didn't know you'd be in that big of a rush!"

"Yeah, I..." Austin itched the back of his head in an attempt to alleviate how awkward he felt at that moment. "Uhh, who are you exactly?"

"I am Andre Doodles." The man said with a french accent. "I believe your trainer has mentioned me before."

"Oh, yeah. I assume you're the guy who William told me that I'd be running into, right?"

"Right on the money, Bucko!" Andre snapped some finger guns at the blue haired bouncer. "Used to have some history with him."

The girl looked up from her notebook, a mild look of confusion on her face. She saw the guy her dad was talking to and tilted her head at him. Austin looked over to where she was sitting. "Who are you?" he asked, equally curious as to who she was.

"I'm Tracey." She responded rather simply. "And you are?"

"I'm the guy who's gonna take on Max Brass!" Austin exclaimed at her, making her smile a bit.

"Easy there son, you haven't even gone up against your first opponent yet." Andre commented in a joking manner.

It was then at that moment their bus had pulled up to the side of the road, ready to drive them to the Spring Stadium. The trio hopped aboard the bus, Tracey sitting next to her dad across from Austin. During the ride she tore a page out of her notebook, passing it over to him. He looked back to Tracey and saw that she had started drawing in her notebook. The only thing he could catch a glimpse of in the notebook was a peculiar doodle of a bus with spring attached to it.

Austin looked at the page he was given and saw a cartoony drawing of him going up against the champion, Max Brass. He gave a small smile at the drawing. He couldn't say for sure, but he could imagine that this could be him one day. Would he actually get there? He couldn't say for certain, but he had hope.

He didn't dwell on his thoughts for too long. The bus he was traveling on came to a stop. Looking out the window he saw the building that would be the beginning of his career, the Spring Stadium.

There's no backing out now, it's showtime.

First Fight

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The minute the bus pulled up to the Spring Stadium, Spring Man rushed to the back of the building. Waiting for him was his trainer, William. His hands in both of his pockets as he looked smugly at his protege. "Made it just on time kid." He commented to the springy haired fighter.

"You betcha'." Spring Man replied.

"I dunno how I forgot to give you these, but you're gonna need them if you wanna get far in the Grand Prix." William pulled out a pair of red wristbands that had his logo on them. "They're called Switch-Wrists, you'll need 'em to swap between your ARMS in between rounds."

Spring Man quickly slipped them onto his wrists. Attached to them were a set of three ARMS given the names Toaster, Boomerang, and Tribolt. He knew things would be a lot more advanced in actual tournament fights, but this was quite a bit to take in. Especially since each of them had an element associated with them. He did like the puns attached to them though.

"You still a bit nervous, kid?" Spring Man was brought out of his thinking as he heard William speak to him.

"What?! No, no no..." He laughed weakly, trying and failing to hide his fear. "Ok, I might be."

William chuckles to his protege as they walked through the back entrance. "Reminds me of when I first got the title." He placed his hand on his shoulder in an encouraging manner. "You got this Austin, or I guess I should start referring to you as Spring Man now. Just show 'em the spirit you showed me all those years ago!"

A man in a black suit appeared in front of them, ecstatic to see that he had finally arrived. "Number Three!" He exclaimed. "The match is about to begin! You gotta get out there quick!"

Spring Man nodded his head, a look of determination on his face. He immediately equips his Toasters onto both of his ARMS. They looked like normal red boxing gloves, but he could tell that they packed quite the heated punch. Running forward, he jumped as he extended his right ARM to punch the ground, making him jump higher into the air.

The audience watched in amazement when they saw the blue haired fighter springing into the arena. He bounced directly onto one of the trampolines on the edges of the stage before bouncing into the one across from him. Finally he lands onto the floor pumping his fist in the air. "Boioioing!" He exclaims his catchphrase, much to the joy of everyone who came to see

the fight. Spring Man could see Andre and Tracey somewhere in the audience cheering him on, giving him all the encouragement he needed.

Off in the audience, a strange short yellow creature sat in a chair high in the air. He had a red diamond shaped mask on his face and a strange yellow fist perched upon his head. "Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS Fans!" He announces into his microphone, waving to a camera hovering in front of him. "My name is Biff and you are tuning into the start of the Grand Prix of the Generation! Taking on this important journey head on is the man that every man wants to be, the bouncer, Spring Man!"

Spring Man waved to the audience, basking in the roars and cheers of the audience. In the corner of his eye he could see someone jumping into the ring. She wore a pink cheerleader uniform and appeared to have bright yellow ribbons for hair. Her ARMS were made of a similar material but were pink, and a pair of neon yellow robotic boxing gloves dawned her wrists. Spinning in a perfect circle as she jumped multiple times in the air until she landed in the ring, striking a pose by offering one of her ARMS to the audience. "He-e-eyy~!" She sang as a means of introducing herself.

"And facing off against him is the aress: Ribbon Girl!" Biff announced from his chair enthusiastically. "One of the most popular music artists from all of Armsopolis, Ribbon Girl has entered the Grand Prix to help promote her upcoming tour! Who will be carrying what could be the event of the century? Well, only one way to find out! Fighters, get ready to ARM up!"

In one corner of the stage, Spring Man had equipped a Toaster on his right ARM and a Boomerang on his left. The Boomerang looked like it's namesake wand was yellow with red decals. Ribbon Girl on the other hand had chosen one of the same yellow boxing gloves from before, as well as a strange red hand shaped ARM that looked like it was meant to slap people.

"Ready..." Biff called out to the stadium. "ARMS!"

And just like that, the fight began without a second to waste. Ribbon Girl threw a punch with her yellow glove, with Spring Man narrowly avoiding it by jumping out of the way. He quickly threw his Boomerang at her in response. When it hit her, it caused her to fly away from what appeared to be a tornado that came from it. She got up from the ground with a spin and a twirl, launching her hand shaped ARM at him, lighting him up with a spark of fire. It took Spring Man completely off guard, causing him to get knocked down onto the ground.

He got back up from the ground, jumping directly into one of the trampolines behind him. Launching him directly into the air as he grabbed her, flying at her to attack. She was punched once and then another time, sending her flying into the ground. She got back up and jumped into the air and surprised the audience by jumping a second time while air born. Musical notes surrounded the air she jumped from as she spun and threw her yellow glove ARM at the stunned bouncer, electrocuting him and making him unable to dodge from her grab. She picked him up with her ARMS and tossed him to the far end of the stage. He didn't think she was gonna be weak by any means, but he didn't expect her to be this good.

Spring Man quickly got back up as the aress attempted to hit him with her red ARM at him. This time he managed to deflect the oncoming attack with what looked like a mini shock wave. It didn't do any damage but it did enough to keep him from being hit. He then sent one of his toasters flying at her while attacking from the side with the Boomerang. Ribbon Girl was instantly caught in the crossfire and fell to the ground, losing the round with a KO.

Before the beginning of round two, Spring Man equipped two Toasters on both of his ARMS, while Ribbon Girl used the same neon yellow ARMS as before on both of hers. When the fight began they both threw a punch at each other, but their ARMS fell to the ground the minute they collided with one another. Spring Man took this opportunity and threw another punch. It was about to knock the aress to the ground when he grabbed her and punched her into one of the trampolines. He was going to throw another punch when she somehow managed to jump out of the way before grabbing him and sending him flying into the ground.

When he got back, he jumped out of the way of an incoming punch of pure electricity. He jumped back into one of the trampolines and attempted to throw a punch at her, but she jumped out of the way last second and jumped a second time as he was about to throw another one. He landed on the ground and had to dash out of the way of an oncoming punch. This was a trick however, as he was then caught off guard by another electric punch. It caused his ARMS to go limp and fall to the ground. The bouncer could only watch as the pop star spun in place before activating her rush. It was a flurry of glowing neon yellow punches being thrown at him. With one final punch, Spring Man fell to the ground with a cry of anguish as he was KO'd.

It was down to the wire in round three. If he wanted to continue this Grand Prix, he couldn't stop now. On one of his ARMS was the Boomerang, and on the other was a green missile launcher-esc weapon called the Tribolt. Ribbon Girl had equipped one of those strange red hand ARMS and what looked like a confetti popper. Right as Biff announced the beginning of the round, Spring Man had managed to block a heated up slap from one of her ARMS. He jumped out of the way and punched- er, I guess shot her with the Tribolt. She was stunned into place, giving him the opportunity to send her flying into the ground with his Boomerang.

The second she got up, she was out for blood. Ribbon Girl jumped into the air with a spin before jumping a second time as the bouncer tried to attack her with the Tribolt. Jumping a third time, she suddenly illuminated with a bright yellow light before unleashing a flurry of fire and confetti at him. Spring Man had no time to react as he was sent flying across the stadium. He landed on the ground in front of the seats where Andre and Tracey were sitting. The two were watching in amazement and worry for the springy haired fighter.

"Don't give up, Spring Man!" Tracey shouted while pumping her fist in the air. "You can do this!"

In that moment, Spring Man felt a surge of adrenaline coursing through his veins. He got up from the ground by jumping and launching himself into the air with one of his ARMS. He was surrounded by a red aura that almost made it look like he was glowing. This wasn't caused by any sort of anger or frustration, but from a jolt of pure determination. The audience roared with surprise and eagerness, watching as the bouncer managed to deflect a fired up slap with a minor wave of electricity from his ARMS.

He jumped back into one of the trampolines, breeze drifting through his hair as his aura changed to a vibrant shade of orange. A flurry of wind and tiny fake bullets raining down on Ribbon Girl as her opponent unleashed his rush attack. She fell to the ground when he landed back onto the ground, causing Biff shout out one last "KO" among the cheers of the audience. Spring Man looked on in astonishment, a mild amount of shock racing through his mind at what he had done. A part of him was also worried about his opponent, but it quickly evaporated when she started to get up, looking at him with a face of accomplishment

Once everyone had cleared out of the stadium, Austin was about to leave when he heard someone clear their throat behind him. Behind him was Andre and William, with Tracey and Ribbon Girl not far behind them. "Nice job out there Austin!" William called out while pumping his fist into the air. "I knew you had it in you!"

"Aww shucks, it wasn't anything too difficult." Austin shrugged his shoulders, smiling both confidently and awkwardly.

"Nonsense bucko, you showed some de vraies competences out there!" Andre chimed in.

"Yeah, you did awesome out there!" Tracey chimed in, a bright smile beaming from her face as stars practically shinned from her eyes.

"By the way, Austin, I know you're gonna be carrying the Grand Prix and everything but I'm gonna be out of town for a while." William explained while scratching the back of his head.

"Huh, how come?" Austin asked in confusion.

"I have some... business issues to take care of outside of Armsopolis. Part of the reason I wanted you to pick up Andre and his Daughter was so you'd have someone looking out for you during the Grand Prix."

"So, when are you gonna be back?"

"I'm not entirely sure, but!" William holds up a finger to Austin's face right as he starts to look mildly disappointed. "I'll still be watching your matches whenever I'm able to. Anyway, I gotta go home so I can start packing."

"Oh, well I guess it was nice chatting with you." Austin waved as his trainer walked away. Andre appeared to be a bit disappointed to hear that, but he couldn't really tell why. It was only then that Ribbon Girl walked up to him, a small smile on her face.

"So, you're the new guy everyone else has been talking about?" She inquired with her hand to her face in a questioning gesture.

"Yeah, I hope there wasn't anything too bad said about me. Also, sorry for beating you back in that fight." Austin let out a nervous chuckle over his awkward attempt at an apology.

"Don't worry about it, Spring. If I had a problem with getting my butt handed to me I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have joined the League in the first place." Ribbon placed her hand around the

bouncer's shoulder to show that she was chill with him. "And don't worry about the others. They may not show it but they're all at least a little excited to meet you."

"Oh cool, well it was nice meeting you Ribbon Girl."

"You can just call me Callie if you want. Just make sure not to call me that in battle, breaks the character quite a bit when you refer to your opponent by their real name." The airress slipped her hands into the pockets of a puffy white coat she had tied around her waist as she turned around. "Anyway, I gotta go or my mom will lose her mind if I'm not back home on time. Hope to see more awesomeness from you in the ring."

Austin waved goodbye at her as she walked away. With nothing else to do, him, Andre, and Tracey all walked out of the now empty Spring Stadium. The sun had set long ago and the sky was split between orange and purple. They all hopped aboard the bus that had just arrived to drive them back to the apartment complex. Tracey simply doodled in her notebook whatever random thought came to her mind as she listened to something in a pair of headphones she seemingly pulled from nowhere. One rather peculiar doodle being of what appeared to be a bus with ARMS attached to the sides. It appeared to just be something drawn randomly since it lacked a lot of detail compared to the other doodles on that page.

Eventually the bus came to a stop right outside the apartment complex. Austin said his goodbyes to Andre and Tracey and they all split into their own paths. The day had ended rather peacefully for each of them. Little did any of them know however, this day would spark the calm before the storm of what would go on to become one of the darkest events in ARMS history.

Chapter End Notes

"De vraies compétences" means real skills according to google translate. Again, I apologize to anyone who will get pissed at me for using google translate, but I'm trying my best and I don't wanna sign my soul away to the devil- I mean the Duolingo bird.

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